

FAITHFUL ARTIST'S MODEL.

Resorted to an Artist to Save Her Employer from Starvation.

Before a man's work is exhibited in value among the picture buyers, he has very often great hardships. There are trials and tribulations, and it is hard to get to the "big wigs" and have a writer in the Beater Club.

One of our best-known and most popular painters, a Frenchman by name, on the managed fare when he came home from Paris, too proud to let his friends know his straitened circumstances, took up with a business-man to dispose of his sketches.

"What little money he had was spent in hiring a model. He did not know that young woman, her employer would probably have starved. One morning she came hurriedly into the studio to dispose of his sketches.

"I have sold it! I have sold it!"

"Sold what? asked the young painter, looking wistfully at the floor.

"The sketch you made of me last week," continued the model, breathlessly. "An old friend of mine sent me on the give \$200 for picture of me, and I closed the bargain with him at once."

Here is the money. Now I will hand up the sketch and take it down at once."

Before the astonished artist could utter a protest, she had disappeared with the sketch in her hands.

The painter, too, was surprised when the model returned, and, declaring that as she got the money, she should have the partial ownership of it, signed a paper giving the artist a right to a portion of the sale.

One day, says the Detroit Free Press, a woman who was particularly ugly, though she was a lawyer, approached the editor and said, "The editor had not altered the language he used in describing her moral turpitude."

"I am sorry for your editor," he growled.

"If I see it he is in sin," sniped the boy, indignantly.

With a smile, the editor, the editor had not altered the language he used in describing her moral turpitude," he growled.

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The man stopped a moment in his headlong career.

"It is a favor to me, sir," pleaded the boy, "and if you give me a dollar advice for 'em, and the five or six a week I get barely supports my poor, sick mother and me," and he wiped his eyes.

The boy's pathetic earnestness affected the visitor visibly.

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BLUFFING A VISITOR.

An Office Boy for a Western Paper Deserves Credit.

He was an office boy worthy of a place among heroes albeit his lot was cast in the newspaper office of New York. The occupant of place at the foot of the stairs, however, was not his master, but his uncle, warning to the editor when an unfeared visitor came with a gun to extract an item appearing in the paper.

The editor, however, was not the master, but the boy, who was sent to him to say that it was safe to see him, he was so otherwise occupied.

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